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ART AND CHRISTIANITY.

PRIZE ESSAY: BY WM. ALEXANDER HOLLIDAY, IND.

There are not a few who believe that Fine Art has suffered by the introduction and reign of Christianity. With some it is a vague sentiment, for which it might be difficult to assign a reason. If it came into words, it would, perhaps, speak of the every way freedom existing in the days of Ancient Art, giving, in the richness and vigor of the imagination, a wondrous power to the creative mind of the Artist. But somehow Christianity restrains this freedom and chills the kindly glow of genius and stifles inspiration by compelling it to cast its products in the mould of dull propriety.

Is the religion of Christ really unfavorable to the highest development of the Fine Arts? There are evidently two modes of deciding. The one is to trace the history of Art, in its results, before and since the Christian ascendancy; to compare the ancient and modern masters. Thus will it be seen whether there has been a deterioration, whether the modern vainly vies with older Art. If the latter be indeed peerless, then the inquiry into causes must ensue. If after candid

search, Christianity be found the only agency at work, it must be confessed prejudicial to Art. The lover of beauty, who is yet more a lover of God, will be saddened. Cultivated aliens will renew their sneers at the illiberality of these Christians. There is, however, but one man to whom this mode of investigation lies open. It must be committed to the Art-student, for him to pursue aided by the taste trained in years of devotion to his labor of love. For to judge Art, one must know Art. The other mode, however, is left to ordinary inquirers. It does not minutely scan the Art-side, nor ask if modern Art has depreciated. It confines itself to the Christianity-side, and its language is like this: Ancient Art may surpass that of later days. Yet say not that the influence of Christianity upon Art is baneful and withering. What! true religion repress anything pure and beautiful! Never. Beneath the religion of the perfect-man Jesus Christ, in its purity, a far higher and more spiritual Art than ever existed under the old superstitions, is possible and will yet be reached.

It is quite plain that all systems influencing Art, must somehow affect the innate principle upon which Art is planted, and out of which it grows. And this, too, whether the principle be the common possession of mankind, which is to say, a simple capacity, at most a judgment-forming faculty, an art-appreciation, or the high and rare gift, rising to the eminence of a work-shaping faculty, the creative power of the artist. Granting Christianity a dwarfing influence upon Art, it either warps and contracts the Art-principle itself, by direct agency destroys its essential freedom, or otherwise takes its full and joyous life, so that its products, be they judgments or works, fall still-born, lifeless from birth; or it gives laws and rules to the expression of Art, and attempted conformity with these reflexly puts inspiration to flight. If for Art there is indeed a blight in the Christian religion, the evil to it must come in one or both these ways. Either the source first fails and then its rill, or an ob-

struction checks the flow of the stream, makes it a stagnant pool and backs up dead waters, until they creep over and swallow up the once sparkling spring. Which figurative language having been duly considered, let us ask if in fact, practical Christianity destroys that which makes the Art-lover and the artist or adopts a body of judgments unfavorable to high Art.

The principle of art-appreciation, in germ at least, a universal property of man, even as speech is universal, though scattered here and there we find many speechless, is *TASTE*. Now Taste, according to those who have pried into the mind's workings, and moreover by the testimony of even untaught consciousness, is a particular union of judgment and emotion. Contemplating an object, the intellectual apprehension in quicker or tardier obedience of the laws of beauty, written within the mind itself and there existent as potential and regulative, recognises that object as beautiful. Immediately sensibility is awakened. Pleasing emotions well up in the heart and its cords vibrate in answer to the magic touch and, according to its stamp, it finds pleasure, joy or ecstasy in sympathy with beauty. Since such is the nature of Taste, Christianity affecting it, must influence the intellectual side or the emotional side or both. How then does it influence the intellect? For it is ever to be remembered, and never, under a vague sense of the manifold powers of the soul, to be forgotten that the intellect judging in Art-questions, is the same intellect which decides the matters of daily life. None need to be told that religion has its primary and radical work with the affections. Yet in the unity of the soul, so intimately are these connected with the purely mental faculties, that the changes and modifications of the one class are indexed by the other. Admit then that the Christian system makes men morally better, and we must also admit that in some, though not of necessity in the same degree, it makes them intellectually stronger. Doubt not this is the philosophy of Wisdom,

whose beginning is the fear of the Lord, when she cries at the gates and entry of the city: I dwell with prudence and find out knowledge of witty inventions. Counsel is mine and sound wisdom. I am understanding. It is the philosophy of the doctrine, confirmed by many a happy experience, that godliness is profitable even in the businesses of the present life. For the key-note of the true religion is the love of God, drawing toward itself the love of men. And how can they love Him without thinking of Him? and if of Him, then also of the grand truths which gather round His being. Connection of thought pledges this. Even as a mental exercise, contemplation of these lofty themes must strengthen and ennoble the mind dwelling upon them, and this again in the attrition and abrasion of our living, communicates the effect to society at large. Thus it is that Christianity carries with it civilization, and this is the why that mechanical Art, coarser part of that growth of all in human nature worthy of honor and dignifying it, the symbolic conception whereof we are wont to designate by that same articulation, civilization, flourishes best on Christian soil. Chinese life is much the same in ninth or nineteenth century, while Christian races rejoice in this continued progress toward a better state. In view of all this, most will agree that the Christian system influences the mind only for improvement. Most will affirm of the mental eye-sight that it is bettered, while only owl-eyed enemies will whisper it is dimmed, or Buckle-minded will ignore the to them unpleasant subject. The laws of beauty remaining the same, and the intellect, so far as affected, attaining a distincter perception of truth, Christianity plainly cannot change a correct judgment in Art-matters; by the very constitution of Taste, the emotion of pleasure must arise in consequence of this judgment, if it be made upon a beautiful object. Unless then Art rests on falsehood, it finds no enemy or ill-wisher in religion. Who of you, ye lovers of Art, will

grant that it is reared on such perilous and deceitful substratum?

Thus far concerning simply the material works of Art and in respect of connoisseurship. Henceforth the intellectual and emotional so mingle and blend that the attempt to separate them fails. Who does not know that true Art transcends this region, rising high above, yet through, its material symbols even to a living language, whereof tones and harmonies and forms and colors and proportions and arrangements are merely syllables and words. Some, to whom Heaven gives but a sensuous love of beauty, will be enraptured, receiving these articulations as sweet and delightful sound, yet not knowing that they have a significance for those who can interpret. They of farther insight will discover an inner meaning. In its material expressions, beautiful as these are, they will read the more beautiful sentiment which it is the true mission of Art thus to unfold to them who catch its spirit. Now, is the Christian less capable than others of apprehending the moral sentiment of Art? Strange if it is so! His religion is one which purifies the affections, and, through them, works a change in his views of good and evil. He joins in the truceless strife, and his sympathies flow out toward everything lovely and pure and of good report, to everything which can be enlisted in the service of right. If once, delighting in the expression of lofty moral sentiment, he received pleasure from the pure conceptions of genius, will he now be hostile or indifferent to them? If the art-representation symbolizes some profound truth touching human kind or shadows forth some burden of the race, life to the Christian is no less real than before he woke to its reality, and his brotherhood is no less felt than before he possessed a universal charity. What then was truth is truth now, and he is still a man to feel for men. Does Art exist because there is physical and moral beauty, and power to appreciate and express it? The Christian's God is author both of

beauty and the soul. This reflection certainly does not countenance the notion that Christianity must frown upon the cultivation and gratification of taste. It ought to show that the nearer man approaches the original type, the nearer he comes to the primal orbit, the stronger should be his love for goodness, beauty and truth. "For it indeed seems as if at the basis of beauty there are eternal principles, modifications of the true and the good, over which the mind casts a color and a clothing, a halo and a radiance." But leaving these more abstract questionings, to which however there is no indirect response, but a clear declaration teaching that the work of religion is an elevation of human nature, including Taste; leaving these let us bring before our immediate judgments a case in which these principles are luminously illustrated.

In the church of the Capuchins at Rome there hangs a masterpiece of Art in one branch—Guido's Archangel. After a protracted conflict, out of which nevertheless he comes with undisturbed serenity, Michael is now standing with his foot upon the prostrate demon. "What an expression of heavenly severity in the Archangel's face! There is a degree of pain, trouble and disgust at being brought in contact with sin, even for the purpose of quelling and punishing it; and yet a celestial tranquility pervades his whole being!" Two men are gazing upon the picture. In all respects they are alike, save that one has quenched his soul-thirst in the living waters of grace. Which of them will best read the lesson so strikingly conveyed, and which will be most profoundly moved by that prophecy to the eye?—prophecy of the final victory of good over evil. Whose intuition does not say it will be he whose eyes have been opened to the deformity of sin and the loveliness of holiness; who sees in Michael one of the ministering spirits sent forth to the heirs of salvation, or him whom John beheld laying hold of the dragon. If it be said such emotions differ from those of mere æsthetic pleasure, it is sufficient to

reply that they are called forth by the address to the æsthetic faculty, and are the higher sympathies of the soul with the moral sentiment which Art strives to express.

The same considerations avail in the case of the artist. Only as he has a gift transcending the faculty of Taste, one bestowed on a few, a *dives vena* which no cultivation or education can replace, but itself the condition and germ of growth, it is well to make as distinct a mention of the benefits he derives from Christianity. Let it first be said that the possession of this rare faculty of art-creation is a call to its exercise, a divine commission to further develop and employ it for the glory of God and the good of men. Entering upon this work, the artist can receive benefit alone from the Christian religion. Here also the judgment will become clearer; the emotions warmer and purer, flowing out to everything beautiful, good and true; life will take a more earnest but not misanthropic cast; there will be a profounder comprehension of the great lessons to be taught men, and of the mission of the beautiful; unison with the spirit of Christian history and Christian living will yield many a scene for representation and many an element for the higher, purer products of imagination. Of this character it seems must be the influence, whether greater or less, of religion in the artist. So far from losing his power or becoming less an artist, he should find his deepest inspiration in the facts and truths of Christianity. Some, however, readily grant that these beneficial results naturally spring from a true and exalted religion; yet, not clearly understanding the foundation of Art, they are borne away by a mischievous fancy that Christian artists can never attain the highest excellence in their profession. The greatest successes will be achieved by men who so devote themselves to Art, so supremely worship it, that they have no room in their souls for God. But were this principle true, where were the propriety or justification of the Christian in ardently pursuing any vocation whatsoever?

'Diligent in business' is an inspired command, inculcating no trifling or dallying with temporal pursuits, yet coupled with exhortation to earnestness in the things of the kingdom. Moreover, this unbeliever's notion is not verified by fact. True disciples have been notable and eminent in the various walks of Art. Milton drew out his immortal work from a mind and heart filled with the 'echo of that celestial and seraphic harmony which rolls forever before the throne of God, a seven-fold chorus of hallelujahs and harping symphonies.' And in the words of yet another: 'Fra Angelico must have breathed a humble aspiration between every two touches of his brush, in order to have made the finished picture such a visible prayer as we behold it. Perugino was evidently a devout man. Sodoma, beyond a question, both prayed and wept while painting his fresco, at Siena, of Christ bound to a pillar.' Christianity does not then destroy that which makes the art-lover and the artist. On the contrary, its necessary tendency is to an elevation and enlargement of the appreciative power of the one, and to a right use of the creative power of the other, joined with the same ennobling.

And such is the connection of the inner with the outer life that we have already decided the second inquiry. Christianity does not and cannot adopt a body of judgments unfavorable to high Art. It will never permit us to nurture in the soul that whose outward expression it forbids. Allowing and enjoining the cultivation of the æsthetic powers, it will employ them as instruments of good. It has been well said that Art has no existence outside man's moral nature. Now one law which the Christian religion lays upon the moral nature, and therefore upon Art, is the law of purity. Art, high Art, founded upon what is pure and noble in that nature, finds this no restraint. Again, the moral nature must bow to the law of direction and lead the whole man to live for the glory of God, and the good of the race. This is also the highest aim and

grandest motive which can be placed before the mind capable of bodying forth moral sentiment in the representations of Art.

The Christian system cannot then be prejudicial to Art. If in the hands of depraved men the latter be often perverted, the former cannot swerve from inflexible right to approve it. In such case, the Christian religion will gladly bear the world's reproach of illiberality. But when Art follows its natural course, when it addresses itself to what is noble and lofty in human nature, it must ever find a generous patron in cultivated Christian taste.

THE SPIRIT OF BEAUTY.

THERE'S a sylph-like Iris to come and go,
On each quivering ray of light;
There's a presence of beauty on all below,
If but the heart be right!
There's a latent joy to quell each fear,
And to hush the rising sigh;
If the Spirit of Beauty deigns to cheer,
The heart that with sorrow may die!

Sweet Spirit of Beauty! that power divine,
Which mantles our grief with the light—
Even clouds of affliction with radiance shine,
If only the heart be right!
She is borne on the breath of the balmy breeze—
Is heard in the zephyr's gentle sigh—
And rejoices among the musical trees,
Or the spangled battlements over the sky!

She heralds the rosy dawn of the Day,
She smooths his low couch in Hesperian climes;
She bears on her pinions Lucinia's lay—
And breathes from the Poet's rhymes;

She scatters soft starlight all over the tomb—
Her smiles, o'er the dying Christian's bed ;
She pencils on cheek of the youthful her bloom,
And touches—scarce touches—the face of the dead !

She joyously beams from the flashing eye—
She smiles from lips that are pale and cold ;
She crowns with her Hope the young that die,
And with Peace the brow of the old !
Bright Spirit of Beauty ! with magical spell
She wraps the poor heart in a gladness profound ;
She loves it ! she loves it ! and freely will tell,
Where alone in the wide world her home may be found !

“ Dear Youth ! I give ear to thy worthy desire ;
I will guide to my home you so ardently seek !
But treasure the tones of my mystical lyre,
And remember the words that I speak !
Not in treasures of earth that so freely abound,
Nor in aught that is earthly my dwelling you find—
But DEEP IN THE SOUL, there alone may be found
The SPIRIT OF BEAUTY, in beauty enshrined ! ”

CONVALESCENT.

To be sick is not the whole of sickness. If it is not fatal, there is the getting well. Yes, the getting well. Time of joyful, as well as of mournful pathos is the period of affliction. First, the heart-offering to propitiate the smiling deity, then the incense of thanksgiving when the blessing is given.

The peculiar, powerful and elevating sensation, which we experience at convalescence in ourselves or those we love, is a pleasure distinctively human. The joys of deliverance are ours peculiarly to appropriate alone. A thousand ways may health be invaded or affliction come ; by the sudden burst of

accident, when one is snatched at once from his wonted ways and pursuits, to unwelcome confinement and pain; or the slower march of disease overtakes us, and with more prophetic, but no less painful grasp, forces us into the theatre of suffering again. The smitten cheek grows stilly pale, the enfeebled limbs disown their work, the heart beats the uncertain throbs. Hope, lingering long, looks still at the lessening light of promise, until the vision is almost obscured by the thickening veil of distress. The crisis comes—and the heart rises on the springs of prevailing trust, the limbs obey the will, health begins anew to warm the blood. Death is not yet the conqueror. Convalescent! Or perhaps the conflict has been too prolonged for hope, and then delight is the more controlling, because unexpected. It masters us, and we find no measure of expression but in the habitual manifestation of joy. Nay, more, the heart leaps out in ecstasies over the recovery, for the lost is found, the dead is alive. The tomb has remitted to us one, whom we had given up to it.

When sudden injury has robbed our cherished plans of results, by prostrating our working powers, giving us full pause in the midst of our activity, calling us to be passive, just as we were panting to be most unrestrained, then, indeed, is he the master of himself, who can bid his struggling spirit acknowledge the ways of Providence. Perhaps we rush in the first paroxysm to needless despair, deprecate our former zeal, and utter wrong complaints. But let the creeping sense of cure come over and through us, and the scene is changed. The energies, awakening with glad alacrity, are ready to rejoice doubly to be employed. We are ashamed of our former murmurings too. If we had anticipated this manifestation of goodness, we could have borne that ordeal. Perhaps, after long discontent, we had made up our minds to be satisfied with less than we had counted on before, but now we are to be all of our former selves—our former selves, yes, and more, with more

knowledge and control of self, with a richer experience, more docile, more humble, more content, more earnest, more compassionate, more kind, more charitable, more grateful, more ashamed to murmur.

Convalescent! Sweet word, sweeter even than health. One is full of promise, but the other also of answered hope, or longing, or faith. One is strong and sustains, the other inspiring and elevates.

With a silent, soothing joy does one watch the steady step of health, where it has not been shaken by the hand of disease. We may take a pride in the continuance of blessings, whose loss we have not bethought ourselves to count on. But it is a feeling almost spontaneous and unconscious. The heart does not yet know its own gratitude. Now, let the giant come, and only not crush the unwary life, and how, then, the friend will welcome the symptoms of returning strength; and as the giant yields more and more, every withe unbound is a cord of tenderer sympathy to bind the sufferer to the anxious watcher. We forget the value of friends, moving continually about us, but the return of the missed, how welcome it is. And the sufferer himself, he has learned to know what he is. The burden removed gives him an appreciating sense of the relief, and teaches how he had slighted, when in his full possession, what just now he sighed to acquire even in its smaller measure.

If there is anything inexpressibly sorrowful, it is to see and know, and love the victim of an incurable malady. Merely in the human view, how agonizing to his friends, at least, the prospect of the consumptive, looking down his short remaining days, darkening continuously to the brink of life. Sympathy is helpless to console, helpless even to manifest itself. And if there is anything overflowing with human joy, it is the experience of recovering from a long and dangerous disease, creeping from the shadow of death into the healthful sunshine of life, which seems all the more pure and healthful by the

experience of what its absence involves. With physical health for its object, this is the height of animal pleasure.

But there is a more unyielding, more stubborn malady, fastened upon the vitals of the moral world—the deep disorder of depravity. The patient rallies and lapses, but the cure goes on with gradual, sometimes unnoticed progress. But it goes on, affording again, to the good, that peculiar joy at returning health, which belongs to mankind. For angels are elevated safely beyond the inroads of sin; devils are degraded beyond the reach of remedy. Attended thus by the ministering agencies of all the good, trusting to and imploring the help of Heaven, the fell disorder, mortal but for the Physician's cure, shall yield to that.

Then shall a Convalescent, nay a ransomed world, learning from the depth of their deserved depravity, the height of their gracious glory, overflowing with the rapture of the freed, take up the full anthem of praise and triumph, and all its burden to the recovered world shall be the high wonders of redemption. Pure is a pleasing word, and yet there is something more transporting in redeemed.

All hail, then, to the lowness of our lot—to trying sickness—preaching privation, teaching pain. To be sick, is not the whole of sickness. There is the lesson, the joy of getting well.

And instead of sinking at heart at the prevalence of evil, or yielding to its power, it is better to contemplate how glorious that the dark malady itself will add to the appreciation of what good remains, and make men to hail with more hearty sympathy the promised removal of the throne of evil, and the uninterrupted reign of healthful truth.

THE ETIQUETTE OF COLLEGE-LIFE.

It is a lamentable fact that among young men in the process of education, too little attention is paid to good manners; especially when we consider how much of their future influence depends upon culture in this respect. It is useless to say in reply to this assertion, that boorish manners are assumed merely for the time being, to be thrown off when entrance into society demands. Evil habits once thoroughly implanted are never rooted out without great effort on the part of their possessor, and in many cases they cling to a person through life. Believing that it is both easier and better to leave such habits unformed, than to form and afterward conquer them, we shall endeavor, with no censorious spirit, to point out a few particulars in which reform is most needed, and to urge greater diligence in its accomplishment.

In the first place, a few words relating to *College exercises*.

In these, the person of true refinement consults not only his own convenience and comfort, but that of others as well. His aim is to abstain from everything, even though it tend to his own gratification, which might discompose or annoy those about him. To particularize, he will refrain from such actions as exalting his feet to an undue level, much to the detriment of the clothing and temper of the person who sits before him; he will never consent to sicken his neighbor by deluging the floor in front of him with tobacco juice, or what is still worse, by soiling his nicely polished shoes through an occasional misdirected aim. He transacts important business outside of the recitation room, instead of employing as agents to forward his communications those who are (or ought to be) engaged in loftier pursuits.

But above all, when he enters a place of religious worship, he conducts himself with decorum. It is universally conceded that such services should be respected, even by those who do not comprehend their meaning; and the person who

will disturb them is considered as wanting in common decency. If he has no higher motive, regard for the feelings of others should influence him. The man of refinement, therefore, will not allow himself to converse during prayer, lest he should interfere with the devotions of those around him. In deference to him who conducts the service, or rather to the Being whom his associates are worshipping, he will assume a becoming posture, and will by no means crowd past his fellows in order to leave the sacred place in a hurried and unbecoming manner.

In the next place, let us consider what is required of educated young men in their relations to *their instructors*. Perhaps most of the errors under this head result from a misapprehension of these relations. It is a very prevalent and yet a very mistaken notion, that they are antagonistic—that the teacher's sole object is not the instruction, but the discomfiture of the scholar; and that consequently, the latter has a perfect right to retaliate, and annoy his enemy whenever he has an opportunity. If this mistake could be corrected (though perhaps human nature will hardly permit it), we imagine that instructors would seldom be interrupted by such demonstrations as stamping or loud conversation in the recitation room, and that the insane class of actions known as "college sprees" would almost entirely die away.

The carriage of students toward *one another* next demands our notice. The circumstances of a college community are peculiar. It is to be supposed that among so many persons brought together from different regions, there should be numerous oddities, both natural and local. Hence there is a strong temptation among students to ridicule these peculiarities in their fellows, even at the expense of good breeding and good sense. It is in the highest degree important that this temptation be overcome at the outset; for if one yields to it in college, it will follow him into the world and greatly im-

pair his influence. Charity should be exercised in all such cases; and the "necessary wear and tear" of college life will generally polish away the offensive excrecence.

In this connection, we must be allowed to enter a protest against the too fashionable custom of "boring," the purpose of which is to make its object uncomfortable. It may be accomplished in numerous ways (in fact much ingenuity is often displayed in devising them), although the motive prompting it is usually the same. One phase of it will serve to illustrate the whole, and may be described as follows: Some student who is disposed to be idle himself, conceives a plan for bringing others to the same unhappy condition. Accordingly, he takes with him two or three "kindred spirits" (who are generally at call), and together they proceed to the room of their victim. Entering as if on a friendly visit, they soon develop their object by little acts of playfulness, such as taking away his text-book, or hallooing in his ears. One thing leads to another, and soon his furniture is turned upside down, his books are in every place but the proper one, and his patience almost exhausted. Ashamed to acknowledge that he is "bored," he endures all like a martyr, but in his heart has a poorer opinion of his "friends" than when they came in. He cannot blame them so much, for they assure him it was done "only as a joke," but there is his time lost and his patience tried, and he feels that the fewer of such jokes the better. This is only an example of what occurs every day, in one form or another, in a college community. Is it prompted by good breeding? We think not.

It remains that we should consider what we owe, as students, to *society*. A large body of young men situated in the midst of a town, have many facilities for imposing upon its inhabitants. If a number of them commit depredations they usually escape with impunity, from the fact that it is difficult to prove the misconduct upon individuals; and it is to be

deplored that so many take advantage of this state of things. An educational institution, instead of being a nuisance, should be the pride of the place where it is located; its members ought to strive by every means in their power to make it such. But if, disregarding their numerous obligations to the inhabitants, they consider private property only a means of gratifying their mischievous proclivities, and under the influence of unnatural excitement go to excesses they would never dream of in their cooler moments; if they allow themselves to become objects of dread, rather than of good-will; if, instead of being examples of propriety to those who have fewer privileges, they are sources of impure and vitiating influence, it is impossible that their presence should be anything but an injury to the community. If, for instance, a lady cannot pass a group of students in the street, without being insulted and giggled at by those whose education has failed to make them gentlemen, is it wonderful that those who have wives and daughters should regard unfavorably the institution with which such evils are connected?

We have endeavored, in this imperfect way, to mention a few particulars of college etiquette in which there is room for improvement. It has not been our aim to produce anything *new*, but merely to bring to remembrance considerations that are too often forgotten. With reference to such evident duties, to remind of errors should be to correct them; and if any one by the perusal of this article is led to greater carefulness in these matters, the writer's object will be accomplished.

ORIGINALITY.

For wise and beneficent purposes men are endowed with capacities widely various and dissimilar. From a merely physical point of view, immense diversity is observable. But

when we come to consider men, with reference to their highest endowment—that which makes them *men*—the most cursory glance cannot fail to convince us of the truth of the saying, that no two minds are similarly constituted. In the most ordinary affairs of life, our constant experience verifies the force of the remark. When, however, the mind is called into higher activity, *i. e.*, when it undertakes the higher forms of discourse, we behold still more marked and striking contrast.

Hence if two writers on a given subject are found to be very nearly identical in their treatment of it, we talk of the remarkable co-incidence. But if such a co-incidence is again observed between the parties, or between one of them and others, we unhesitatingly conclude that the thoughts, to which both lay claim, have emanated from but a single mind.

From what has been said it would seem that that in discourse, which is usually termed Originality, might easily be attained. But such, we know, is not the case. Many, if not a majority, of the writers and speakers, with whom we come in contact, are in this respect entirely wanting. Is then the capability of originality common to all; and how should we regard it in seeking to attain power in discourse?

To suggest an answer to these inquiries will be the object of what further remarks we have to offer.

That we may better understand the relations of our subject, let us, at the outset, ascertain precisely the meaning of the term. It conveys the idea of *first source*. And hence, as a quality of the thing derived, it means *newness, freshness*, that which was *not before seen or known, &c.* We may take the definition of Dr. Webster as suited to our present purpose. "Originality is the power of originating or producing new thoughts or uncommon combinations of thought."

The answer to the question whether such a power is attainable by all, will answer the question whether its absence ought

to be esteemed a fault in discourse. For we can censure no one for not having that, which it is beyond the scope of his abilities to possess. The question may be stated, in other words, thus: Is Originality a common attribute of the average, in respect to talents and acquirements, or is it a peculiar mental endowment allotted to only the few? In its highest forms, this power undoubtedly belongs to but few. It is reserved for genius alone to discover new principles and laws. But it is by no means to be supposed that even the most gifted are always arriving at new ideas and generalizations.

We must ever remember that, though, as before remarked, the law of variety holds good in regard to the human mind, yet every active mind is constantly assimilating to itself the products of other minds, and, in reference to a large number of subjects, there are certain truths universally recognized by sane men, that those truths applicable to one set of subjects can frequently without difficulty be applied to another, and that there are general laws of thought, to which those who think correctly must conform.

We hold, therefore, that the power of producing thoughts, which can strictly be called *new*, is an attribute of genius alone. As to the power of producing "uncommon combinations of thought," it seems to us that it is possessed in greater or less degree by every *thinking* mind.

Different men possess the power of thought in very different degrees. Writers may, perhaps, be divided into three classes: 1st, Those who from force of habit or intellectual feebleness, even though they may have gone through with all the forms of liberal education, are unable to take in and examine any subject thoroughly and completely; 2d, Those who on ordinary occasions content themselves with discussing simple truths after a plain and simple manner, for the purpose of enforcing them, but who not unfrequently rise to discussions of their themes truly striking and sublime; 3d, Those who

never approach a subject but to master it. These are they whose pens are ever recognized as powers, whose writings live after them, treasures of thought for future generations. Such productions may truly be termed "uncommon combinations of thought." Others may have expressed many of the same ideas as are involved in them, yet such is the breadth and depth of comprehension and analysis of the theme, in all its bearings, that we recognize at once their superiority.

Which of the classes we have named possesses Originality, and in what degree, it is unnecessary to inquire. From what has been said, we think it appears, that Originality, (using the term in its strict sense,) is to be regarded as simply an ornament of discourse—not an essential element. As such, however, let it not be under-rated or lightly esteemed. To him, on whom this power has been bestowed, it is a talent worthy his devout gratitude.

After all, discourse is itself but a means—not an end—a means for communicating and enforcing truth. In seeking, therefore, to perfect the power of discourse, we should remember that we are seeking that which will better enable us to enforce the truth. And for this labor is required—brain-work—thought. For it is evident that none are competent to unfold truth to other minds who do not themselves comprehend that truth, and it is also evident that careful attention on their part is necessary in order to this end.

Regarding then discourse itself as but a means, it seems to us that the newness and freshness of the thoughts to be conveyed is not the highest end to be attained in it—but rather a comprehensive grasp of the theme. For this are our minds trained and disciplined by courses of study, and towards this should be our aim whenever we attempt to write.

Courage! therefore, thou who art hoping to wield the minds of thy fellows by thy pen, and to whom it is to be the only means of support. Genius may not be thine. If it is, it will

appear; if not, thou canst not produce it. Do but thy duty. Use well the powers thou hast, whether great or small, and thou hast fulfilled thy destiny! None shall say unto thee, why hast thou not done more!

CLEOPATRA ON THE RIVER CYDNUS.

I'm sailing down in my ship of state,
And hundreds of subjects upon me wait,
And galleys unnumbered before me glide,
Like snow-white swans, on the rolling tide.

My galley is decked with purple and gold,
My drapery's floating in costly folds,
And all along on the margin green
The bands are playing to Egypt's Queen.

The birds are singing their lays aloft,
The palms are waving their bushy tops,
And the echoing woods roll back the song
That welcomes me here as I sail along.

From the land of the Pyramids and Sphinx,
Where the Nile's proud waters are washing the brinks
Of ancient Thebes, with its hundred gates,
Its temples, obelisks, royal seats,

Where the Pharaohs of old, with powerful sway,
Made nations and people their laws obey;
Where "Memnon" sings to the rising sun—
From this land of antiquity I am come.

And a Roman awaits me, proud and great,
To settle disputes of law and state;
And yet perchance it may be more
Than boundary lines on sea and shore.

For I am beautiful, and a queen,
Such as this warrior ne'er hath seen ;
And oh ! what wonder if I should bring
This Antony home to be a King !

Then mirth would ring from the stony Sphinx,
As Hymen his chains about us links ;
And oh ! the deserts would joy to see
Rome's proud hero a captive by me.

Then speed, my galley, oh ! onward speed
On thy voyage of love by fate decreed,
While the daughters of Asia come down to view
Th' Egyptian Queen as she's passing through.

AN EVIL—ITS REMEDY.

There is a class of men in every community who are never happy unless engaged in detracting from the merits of others. With some of them the practice is an acquired habit ; with others it would seem an inborn principle. We judge the latter from its early development. Even in school-life it is detected in the anxiety of those in whom it is implanted to raise themselves by lowering the merits of school-mates and companions. Growing and strengthening with their maturity, it becomes wreathed in the heart too securely to be cast out by a light struggle. Continual abuse of some person or thing becomes an element in their character. If public institutions furnish them no weapon for reproach, private character is esteemed a fit object for their calumnious assaults.

The most pernicious phase of this evil is characterized by its unfortunate effects. Tale-bearing is no new development. The wisest of men and kings well knew its character and results, and against no folly or crime does he warn the young

more persistently. The sin is not less a sin, nor are its results less bitter than when he denounced it. It is the fruitful source of heart-burnings and jealousies, contentions and feuds, bitterness and folly. It pervades society to an alarming extent. How often is it that by implication or innuendo, or even flat-footed denunciation, we hear in all manner of assemblies something discreditable of individuals, or, rather let it be noticed whether people ever meet for a few moments conversation without broadly maintaining the demerits of others.

It is needless to state that this fault is as common here as in the vast outside world whose shadow we are. True it is that the statements circulated so frequently prejudicial to character are not so important here as elsewhere; but hearts and principles are the same everywhere, and the principle of which we speak is a phase of human nature not confined by set boundaries or limits. It is because the principle is so wide-spread, and because it is as pernicious as it is prevalent, that we wish to incite all to frown upon it and struggle for its overthrow.

They are few indeed who do not know this enemy to happiness under whatever garb he assumes. Frequently a just discrimination is necessary. An offensive as well as a defensive warfare must be kept up to insure its downfall. We must see to it first, that we bear no tales; and secondly, that we believe none improperly vouched for. There are those among us, as they are to be found everywhere, whose peculiar pleasure consists in obtaining the friendship of others, and thus secure an insight to their daily life; and then, having attained a degree of intimacy, to forfeit the friendship by pouring into kindred ears the foibles and eccentricities of the individual it may be, or too frequently false and exaggerated statements of actions and motives. Their tales receive credence, because, skillfully mixing truth and error, they make the truth appear to prevail, while the lurking error advanced under its protection works the poison. Inconsistencies are detected in the purest characters.

Indeed the purer the character the more persistent the effort to detect an imperfection, the more malicious its circulation if detected. If actual faults do not exist, known traits of the slandered person will be taken, and evil motives readily suggest a fitting garb for their disadvantageous portraiture. We desire our readers to notice the next time a name is brought before an assembly, however small, whether its mention does not bring forth some fancied fault or idiosyncrasy of the person in question. Sometimes it will be the case that a story is told, true, perhaps, in a measure, or in some cases totally false; the unreflecting hearers will repeat it until, in the obscure hints and qualified behaviour of former friends, the object of the remark will feel the malady rankling in the wound that charity will declare thoughtlessness has created. Such rumors, it is true, are not always started by designing persons. Frequently a jest, understood as such by the author and his immediate hearers, will develop into a reality in the third or fourth repetition. The instance of the man who vomited, according to veritable report, three black crows, and was found on inquiry to have ejected something black as a crow, is a fitting illustration of our meaning. The rumor will run faster than the contradiction. Oftentimes an authoritative denial will not impede it. Some from mere love of the joke will let it pass undenied: policy will prevent its contradiction by others; and so, many roots of bitterness and folly spring up, choking too often the fairest friendships.

We are by no means ignorant of the fact that we subject ourselves to criticism by thus dwelling on a theme having such a wide bearing, and concerning which so much has been written and spoken. We know that it will be thought by some that we have put on a coat worn thread-bare by the moralists in order to show what might have been its original beauty and fitness. Those, however, who have suffered in the respect designated will not impute to us so uncharitable a motive: they

will not arraign us for putting on record our testimony against this hydra—slander, and its offspring—gossip. For they will understand the terrible workings of this destructive principle, manifested so bitterly in the severing of friendship. They are few who have not at times been the objects of its reproach. Too often it is the case that the slandered one, in the gangrene of mortification, will repeat the process in reference to others by which his own character was made to suffer, and thus does this evil spread, leaving in its train the greatest evils by which society is cursed.

Let us not be misunderstood in our position. We do not mean that censure should never be inflicted, or evil actions condemned. This is needful and healthful. What we deprecate is the crime so well defined in its very expression,—tale-bearing,—that source of evil and evil only; to insincerity taking the garb of friendship the more readily to fix its dart;—to misanthropy, its necessary consequent. "Faithful are the wounds of a friend, but the kisses of an enemy are deceitful."

He is not a good physician who in detailing the nature of a disease is unable to prescribe the remedy. The root from which the balm to heal these wounds is to be extracted exists in the hearts of all. Let it be remembered that men are a universal brotherhood. The simple golden rule, rightly understood and applied, is pregnant with healing unction. If we could but remember, when an unkind assertion rises to the lip, that he of whom we are about to speak might be generous enough in like circumstances to repress like statements concerning us, a gigantic step would be taken in the completion of that circle which shall embrace all men in universal affection. Friendship not only would be secure and abiding, but the many evils connected in an intricate way with this of which we have spoken would be done away. The accomplishment of this happy result will not be easily effected. Let us bend every energy to the struggle.

MEDICAL.

THE DISEASE.

Among reading young men, specially among the favored gathered in higher schools, there are few who have never been attacked by some form, malignant or mild, of that ailment whose classic name is *cacoethes scribendi*. This meaneth not, O thou who are yet ignorant of the malady! an uneasiness removed by the scratching of the moistened pen upon hitherto spotless sheets, leaving there divers better or worse fragments of thought's verbal body. The pains of mortification would be spared many a one were this all, but it is only an incipient stage. The violence of the plague is betokened by the airy day-dreams of the afflicted one. In a kind of somnambulism, he seeketh public expression of the aforesaid fragments, mayhap through village chronicle or city magazine. He longeth for the curious felicity of beholding the beautiful metamorphosis of an own crabbed hand-writing into the regularities of print. He looketh upon the sanctum as at once palace of the mind and temple of wisdom; the therein easy chair as the seat of power and the tripod of inspiration. He even buildeth delightful chateaux in Spain, wherein he dwells, wielding the powerful and ponderous editorial WE. Thus much for the more marked symptoms, and, now, how they appeared in a particular case.

J. KILBY SICKENS.

When John Kilby was about sixteen, notwithstanding he was such a young thing, a diagnosis would have revealed the fell workings of the disease described. His attack was not sudden or violent, but it was unmistakable. Daily reading an influential sheet published in a near city, he unconsciously acquired a wondrous reverence for those who, through its columns, instructed, persuaded or pleased the sovereign people.

Then followed a gradually formed desire, strong but seemingly presumptuous, to appear in print. From this point the bright visions of fancy were largely indulged and, we may at once say, the boy suffered from a severe fit of *cocoethes*. What was to be done? Now in this interesting malady, as oft-times in those more physical, the best and only plan is to let nature have its undisturbed course. If the thing will work itself off, never mind the sulphur and other medicines commonly used in like cases of irritation. In the present instance, nature did have its way; with what remedies sedative and purgative, we shall see.

THE CRISIS.

Day-dreams continued for some-while. But for all that, the sickness was coming to a turn. The turn might have been different from what it really was. The boy might have had his longing for newspaper audience displaced by some other strong idea equally transient; inasmuch as youth has few fixed ideas. Ever after he might have remembered this period with confusion, even as grown men are sometimes ashamed to confess they have had such babyish sicknesses as measles or chicken pox. Thus it might have been, but thus it was not. For while the idea was yet strong and the desire uppermost, the crisis came in this wise. A gentleman who held a prominent place before the public lost his life under mysterious and distressing circumstances. Now John Kilby had known something about this man and his peculiarities; though something known to many others also. Kindly nature then gave its prescription in a flash through the young thing's mind—why not write a letter to the *Suspolis Eagle*? No sooner thought of than begun. He sat down and laboriously fashioned his items of knowledge into a brief epistle, folded and mailed under influence of the same ardor which inspired the writing. It was but out of his hands when he began to repent his rashness and presumption, and to anticipate the mortification of rejection. But never

mind, the crisis had come and gone, and now recovery would ensue whether attended by the pleasure of success or the pain of failure.

THE BITTER DRAUGHT.

Doubtless thou too, O reader, hast been in a similar state, when, upon feeble grounds, thou didst longingly desire something, and didst say say to thyself, "It will surely not be," but in thine inmost heart didst tremblingly hope thou mightest prove a false prophet. Thou canst then know the weariness with which the hours dragged on, bringing at last—as every set time must come—the moment for the *Eagle's* appearance. And when it did come, with what eagerness, yet faintness of heart, was it seized and examined, first, fourth and second pages. Alas! the auspices were unfavorable. The foreboding had been with too much reason. The last lingering remnant of hope must now be given up, for it was not there. But cheer up, John. Fall back upon your philosophy and forget your folly by earnestly pursuing less ambitious flights. Betake yourself to thoughts more befitting such a young thing, more suited to the school-boy. At least postpone until ripper years the effort to gain blissful admission into the number of even occasional writers for the respectable *Suspolis Eagle*.

THE SWEET DRAUGHT.

Perhaps these were the thoughts of John Kilby. At any rate he betook himself to his grammars in a humble frame, yet with a resolute purpose to be no more foolish. He was indeed a sadder and a wiser boy. Hope dismissed, the moments of the next twenty-four hours did not hang heavy on his hands. They whisked away as if moving faster to make up for former lingerings. Even the *Eagle* seemed to have flown faster than was its wont. It came, reminding John that he had yielded to presumptuous aspirations, risen for a brief moment upon Daedalus wings and fallen. Inwardly groaning by reason of the soreness

of that fall, he opened the sheet. But could he believe his eyes? No—Yes—it couldn't be—but it was! And the few quick throbs of surprise and gladness sent the warm blood tingling through every vein. There IT was in the second column of the second page, and immediately next the editorial deliverance of the day. Not merely in the regularities of print, but in a new and glorified form, that is to say, with a grand heading, in small capitals, and an indorsement of "interesting." The fact was, had a theme been chosen from every consideration of policy, few could have been found more likely to gain the editorial sanction than this, treated with whatever mediocrity. Be the cause what it might, however, there was the fragment of the verbal body and the desire had been gratified. And what a manly tone the types had added. Who could ever guess that such a young thing had written it? Reader, thou wilt know the satisfaction of that moment when thou seest thy first piece—thought to be rejected—in some high-flying *Suspolis Eagle*.

THE RECOVERY.

Sweet are the uses of adversity, and a supposed disappointment is excellent preparation for good news. The desire accomplished was sweet, but its pleasure differed from that which had been imagined. Not that in little time the satisfaction of the first appearance in print dissipated, mind you, but being no longer somnambule, our youthful friend was led to make sundry reflections, which he could not help seeing were true. It may be an agreeable thing to have one's thoughts in print, but it is far better they should be worthy to be there. It is a fine occupation to write for public reading, but far better to write well. Henceforth it was a fixed idea with him not to borrow luster from the types, but to confer honor upon them. As the *cacoethes scribendi* rarely assails one when he reaches this healthful state, the patient may now be dismissed as entirely recovered.

THE ORATION.

For the opinion of those elegant theorists, who hold that eloquence is strictly an æsthetical art, we have little respect; however plausible the theory be, it is absolutely certain that the orator, who should carry it into practice, would be no orator at all. So far from eloquence having *no end exterior* to itself, it has no end at all *not* exterior to itself. Its *sole* end is to effect a change in the human will, and therefore of necessity is an *ethical* art. Evidently eloquence involves three things: 1st, truth; 2d, a proclaimer of the truth; 3d, a hearer. Truth, generally, is intellectual merely, or moral, with which latter only, of necessity, eloquence has to do. *Moral truth*, therefore, is the first requisite to true eloquence, the ultimate power concerned. But abstract truth is not a living power; and it becomes, therefore, necessary to its greatest power that it assume a sensuous, concrete form; wherefore it voices itself in the orator, and becomes a breathing, living, life-giving thing. The orator has a two-fold relation; 1st, to the truth *of* which he speaks; 2d, to the hearer *to whom* he speaks. And, first, we consider him in his relation to the truth. What *is* this? A vital spiritual union with it affecting the whole man; whence the understanding, the feelings, the will, will be in a sense inspired. As a result of the inspiration, of the understanding, we shall have, in the ideal orator, a perfect knowledge, 1st, of the truth, the subject; and, 2d, of the human soul, the object of oratory. His knowledge of the truth will respect the truth absolutely, and in its relations, symbolical or practical. He must clearly know *what* he believes, and *why* he believes it. To know perfectly the symbolical relations of the truth, he must have a complete and intimate knowledge of the natural world wherein the truth is symbolically set forth. The knowledge of the *practical* relations of the truth will require a knowledge of the truth, and

the human soul to which it is related. Of the latter must his knowledge be especially intimate and thorough. He must understand man as an intellectual being—his modes of thought and expression; as an emotional being—his tastes, affections and aversions; as a moral being—the nature of his conations, the science of motives.

And, finally, as a result of the clear understanding of the human soul in its relations to the truth, will be developed in distinctness and fullness, the ultimate ethical "ideas" of "Virtue, Duty, Happiness." And that this knowledge may not be merely loose, disconnected fragments, the orator must have a vivid, a powerful imagination, by which all may be brought up before him, and held there in living oneness.

And this brings us to consider the inspiration of the Feelings, a necessary consequent of the former. It is hardly worth while to notice minutely the state of the feelings arising from the simple cognitions. They will be as the perfectness of the cognition. As the result of this inspiration, in such as accompany the conative activities, there will be, in relation to himself, a feeling of Self-Respect and of unfaltering confidence; in relation to the hearer, Affection, Sympathy.

So soon as truth has inspired the understanding and feelings, there is immediate action, which will be either reflex or object-ed. The reflex action will be voluntary or involuntary. The will energized by the truth, will exercise a restraining and corrective power on the understanding and the feelings, that neither the logical nor emotional element unduly predominate. Involuntarily will activity manifest itself in—1st, gesture, and 2d, presence—the outward manifestation of an energized soul. The consideration of the *object-ed* action leads us to view the orator in his relations to the hearer. The fundamental principle is, man is a *free* agent, therefore cannot be compelled. And therefore, as a rational procedure, the orator must refer every thing to the ethical ideas of the hearer, in order from these to

present motives to the action he wills; in such a way only can the will be reached, and rational action induced. The first object will be to convince, including explanation and conviction proper; the second, to excite affection, including excitation and persuasion proper. As a philosophical argument supposes a complete development of the subject, it is clear that such method cannot be here adopted where the subject is in a sense secondary. Not a *word* is to be used which is not absolutely *necessary* to the attainment of the end in the hearer. And as the orator is a man only like the hearer, he cannot argue from his own authority; he is to the hearer an equal, and therefore he must draw his arguments from authority other than his own, and that in which the hearer has confidence. In the conduct of *argument*, the chief requisites are clearness and force. To excite the affections towards truth when he has proved its connection with the ethical ideas of the hearer, new elements of power are required. And we cannot here do better than refer to the admirable generalization of Theremin of the laws ruling here—Adaptation, Constant Progress, Vivacity.

In accordance with the law of Adaptation, the orator will not openly conflict with the prejudices of the hearers, but gently, winningly introduce himself gradually into their sympathy; when he has established in their hearts confidence towards him and in him, prejudices against the truth will have vanished. He will, in speaking, use such images and illustrations as are wont in the daily life of the hearer to awaken the deepest emotions. There will be in the orator Constant Progress toward the end. Never must he linger for a moment on any thought or illustration however fine, but let every minute find him advanced and advancing. This will excite the feelings of the hearer first, negatively, by giving him no time to listen to any objection offering itself to his own mind; second, positively, the hearer will be emotionally borne away by the simple *force* of the powerful, ceaseless flow of thought. The

law of Vivacity respects, 1st, the oration itself; 2d, the manner of its delivery. In the oration vivacity will be attained by constant change in the spiritual position of the orator and hearer, by the clothing of the abstract in the concrete sensuous life-forms of imagination. In the manner of the delivery, vivacity respects, 1st, gesture. It will be, in the perfect orator, the *natural* and *necessary* externalization of the inner emotional activity. And, 2d, *life*; a life *quiet, spiritual, powerful*, will be given by the "*presence*" of the orator. Finally, the whole oration will become such by the clear, vivid, forceful presentation of motives to the will through the understanding and the sensibilities. But perfection in oratory would require a perfect man, nay more—divinity; and we can therefore conceive of no *perfect* orator except the God-man, who spake as never man spake. In less than perfection we shall have a predominance of the logical or of the emotional element, so that, among human orators, we shall have two classes thus distinguished.

A REVERIE.

Smoking the weed, that will always breed,
 With its strange, enchanting power;
 Some quaint old dream, in its curling steam,
 Or fancy of the hour:

Methought that the vapour, with many a caper,
 Expanding, larger grew,
 Until it revealed, on a broad, white field,
 A palace of golden hue.

And a maiden fair, by the gate sat there,
 With a bright key by her side,
 While a herald proclaimed that she could be gained,
 Or wooed as a beautiful bride.

He further told that the hero bold,
 Who so fortunate might be,
 As to win the maid, would be repaid
 By that same bright little key.

For, said he, though small, that prize is all
That can open the palace gate,
To let the one in, who might luckily win
This little, enticing mate.

Now I wondered why so few did try
To obtain this agreeable prize,
When I saw that the way, which up to it lay,
Was rugged and steep in its rise.

And a very large pack to be borne on the back,
Of strange and rough appearance ;
'Twas worn, I learned, to keep one firm—
They called it Perseverance.

'Twas hard to refrain, so I asked for the name
Of the palace and lass that I mention ;
When the herald proclaimed, and clearly explained
The vision that fixed my attention.

This maiden worth earning, the gods christened Learning,
Long loved by many fair youth ;
And Wisdom, the key, will open to thee
The palace of Virtue and Truth.

ICEBERGS.

"No look-out, and no friendly hail, or authoritative warning can cope with thy secrecy, or thy silence. Mist and darkness are thy work-day raiment. Though the watchman lay his ear to the water, he may not hear thy coming footsteps." Such were the outbursts of awe and dread with which a gifted man first beheld one of the Ice-kings of the North slowly performing its allotted journey. As it drifted by, shrouded in impenetrable mystery, inaccessible to mortal foot, chilling and wintry in its aspect, yet deeply interesting on account of its strangeness, its silence and solitude were appreciated in a peculiarly solemn manner.

It falls to the lot of few to witness a scene of this kind in the frozen regions of the Arctic Seas; yet leaving the material

world, let us turn our attention for a moment upon ourselves, and see if, within the circle of our daily experience, there may not be some possessing somewhat of the same nature in a spiritual as the Icebergs do in a material sense. There are large numbers of men who, for reasons that we shall endeavor to analyze, school themselves so as to repress every generous emotion, to still every manly thought, and then, after long experience, they succeed in encasing themselves in a covering as hard and solid as the Ice-mountain itself.

One great characteristic of an Iceberg is intense coldness. So this class of persons appear to cultivate this attribute until it attains a degree of perfection. Is anything interesting repeated in their hearing? They receive it with stolid indifference and coldness. They bear up with the same phlegmatic composure under the news of a marriage or of a death. Joy and grief seem to effect no lodgment in their natures. To the beautiful and the hideous they are alike insensible. They are *Icebergs*.

Again, those who try to pierce the Ice-mountain find difficulties increasing with every attempt. Its whole front presents a hard, glassy surface, and the explorer, after essaying here and there to penetrate it, goes away unsuccessful. The same holds good with regard to these men. Having succeeded in cultivating coldness and stolidity with regard to the affairs of others, it follows as a natural sequence that the next step will be to shut out others from their *own* concerns. They thus chain all their feelings and emotions, their griefs and joys in a prison-house of impenetrable adamant, set a watch, and resolutely drive away all intruders. Thus, in a measure, the discomforts and annoyances they inflict upon others by the indulgence of the *first* of the above-mentioned peculiarities recoil with double force upon their own heads by the practice of the *second*.

Once more, let us look at the analogy. The imminent dan-

ger incident to a near approach to a berg is well known. "There was one terrific crack, a sharp and silvery ringing blow upon the atmosphere, and the upper face of the berg burst out upon the air, and swept down the cliff." At the very moment when the unwary *voyageur* is skirting carelessly around the base of the mountain, vauntingly urging his boat up to its very face, when all is quiet and fancied security, suddenly, with a crack and roar, the mountain topples over upon him, carrying desolation and ruin to the too trustful explorer. So, with this class again. You cannot trust them. You may be their friend in the eyes of the world, you may suppose you possess their confidence as far as *any one* possesses it; all may seem to be prosperous, and yet you may be pouring out the wealth of a friendly spirit upon a treacherous enemy, who, under the garb of friendship, is waiting to strike a deadly blow. In a moment, without any premonitory warning, the fair edifice may be overthrown, and you buried beneath its ruins. Trust not then the man who carries his heart wrapped up, as the nut, in an impenetrable shell. He whose thoughts and feelings are so peculiar to *himself* that he covers them up lest they should appear, is unworthy the confidence of any true man.

Let us now look at some of the causes which produce this cynical, misanthropic frigidity of mind. That it is *normal* to the soul is a monstrosity too absurd to be considered for a moment. No man born in the image of his Maker *ever* was possessed of such a disposition primarily. Sometimes, indeed, great grief and woe, the depth of which no human heart can fathom, may induce this peculiarity. Then the wretched sufferer, cold and reserved to all around,

"Ponders on his woes,
And feeds upon them day by day."

To such these remarks, of course, do not apply. They are for that class of men who impose upon all their faculties such

an unnecessary and irksome task. In a word, to those who are striving to make *Icebergs* of themselves.

Many men confound this excessive reticence and coldness with the natural eccentricities and whimsicalities of greatness. They think, for example, that a man need only wrap himself up in his own thoughts, refuse to admit any one to his confidence, rhyme out bitter railings against the weakness, the follies and sensibilities of his fellows, to become in the estimation of others a second Byron. They utterly ignore the fact that the natural bent of *his* mind was warped into this abnormal and freezing state by trial and bitter disappointment, while with *them*, it is only a common mind striving by this means to appear uncommon. What a miserable conceit. Far better to let the sense, however small, that is in one, come out in a natural way, and have its legitimate effect, than by this assumption of a false character to seek to deceive the world. The deception is *too* glaring, the people will find it out, and tearing off the mask, expose the *true* character beneath. "Much rubbing won't make brass *gold*."

Men, too, will not see the difference between *true* dignity which ennobles a man, and renders him fit to guide and instruct, and this appearance of coldness which repels at first sight. Dignity of manner is not at all incompatible with warmth of heart and attractiveness of character; it only serves to enhance their value. But these "sickly imitators" fancy that if they but put on the *air* of dignity, which with them is synonymous with coldness, the real character will accompany it, and thus they will appear to be learned. These are of that class

" Whose visages

Do cream and mantle, like a standing pond ;
And do a wilful stillness entertain,
With purpose to be drest in an opinion
Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit ;
As who should say *I am Sir Oracle*,
And when I ope my lips, let no dog bark."

There are also men who seek to cover up *ignorance* by this frigidity of manner. Hence there is such an unpleasant air of *noli me tangere* about them. These men are exceedingly wise when they keep their mouths shut, but with the first words they utter appear the asses' ears;—of all species of Icebergs, preserve us from this. Pomposity and coldness may be endured, if a *something* substantial lies back of it, but those who strive to hide ignorance by this assumption, are unbearable. They are disagreeable to others, and their false position imposes a restraint upon them, which makes them an annoyance to themselves.

Such are a few of the reasons that impel men to assume this frigid garb. How unworthy it is of a *man*. It is written, "man does not live for himself alone." The talents he possesses are not given him for his own private use merely, but that he might benefit his neighbor. If a man envelops himself in this icy mantle, whether through desire to be eccentric, through a craving for a reputation for remarkable talents, or from any other reason, he is doing himself and the community a positive injury. The deceit is always palpable. Great opportunities for good are thus wasted, and a spirit of distrust and misanthropic suspicion aroused, which is adverse to all true advancement.

Life is too short to indulge in such fancies. Life is earnest, and should not be frittered away in vain efforts to appear different from the reality. "A thing *must* be what it is, and cannot be what it is not." This class of men is far too common. The man is indeed foolish who reposes confidence in them; they are unworthy of his regard. Trust them not; put faith in everything else *first*, but never, unless in the very last extremity, trust to Icebergs—they are dangerous things.

THE INFLUENCE OF PARTY SPIRIT IN COLLEGE.

College has frequently been styled a "miniature world." In many respects the analogy holds good, and in nothing more so than in politics. Here we have the same opposing parties, the same political wire-pulling and electioneering, the same excess of excitement, which characterize the politics of our nation. Until within the short period of two years we might have also found the same corruption and intrigue which, alas! has brought upon our country innumerable troubles. We do not contemplate, in the present essay, portraying or stigmatizing the character of one or another of the former political parties in College; for, truly, they were all dyed in iniquity, and some of them died in their sins. But believing that now, when happily circumstances are such that impure motives or the malice of a wounded pride can be imputed to no one, all are capable calmly and conscientiously of considering this matter, we propose to discuss the influence of party spirit in College, (1.) on the interests of the students as a body, *i. e.* on the College, and (2.) on the political student individually as to intellectual and moral character and standing—that this influence is pernicious and ruinous in its tendency.

That party spirit is pernicious in its influence upon the students as a body and upon the character of the Institution, will appear from the following considerations: It withdraws the minds and hearts of the students from the Class or Hall and their best interests, and places them on a particular party. We acknowledge that every new party formed declares its foundation to be built upon principles calculated to improve and sustain the character of the College or Society; but, although they may be sincere in their intentions, this is eventually always made subservient and subordinate to party interest. So far as the best interests of the institution tend to aid the triumph of their party they may be said to seek those interests, but no farther.

Again it begets ill feeling, anger and rancour between students which otherwise would not occur. Graduates and those who have been members of College for any considerable length of time can bear witness to the truth of this statement. What have been the results when party spirit has run high? Classes divided, firm friends made bitter enemies, class-mates, bound together by the strongest of ties, indulging in envy, jealousy and hatred to a degree incredible to any but eye-witnesses. All can see the wonderful change for the better since the antagonism of parties has been removed; how much more unity of feeling; how much less discord and trouble.

Again, instead of being the friend of the worthy and meritorious, it is generally, if not universally, the agent of the most unworthy men and the worst measures. Every party declares that *merit* is the principal plank in their platform, that they design nominating those students who are most worthy of the honor intellectually, but such declarations were never carried out. The worthiness or unworthiness consists, not in intellectual fitness or unfitness, but in being a member of one party or the other. That man merits the nomination who has labored most diligently in electioneering, and who has faithfully served the party, and not he who has a particular natural genius for the contested honor. If such an one happens to be on the right side, 'tis true, he is generally nominated, but, if we examine carefully, we will find that even here expediency and the success of the party have great weight, especially if the candidate happens to be a drone in the hive. There are two inevitable results flowing from this. (1.) It demoralizes the character and reputation of the College as men of inferior talent are chosen, as representatives of the mental calibre of the students, by parties professing to be governed by the standard of intellectual merit. We refer to the Junior Orator stage, and, as none now remain in College of those elected under this nefarious system who could feel injured, we feel at liberty to assert that,

as far as our knowledge extends, there have always been some Orators who proved a disgrace alike to the College, Hall and themselves. (2.) It deters good students from becoming candidates for office or honor from the certain doom that they will be subject to all the slander malignity and falsehood can devise. Affairs in our College had hardly reached this extreme, yet we were fast approaching it. We would soon have been in the same condition as our nation, where "an honest man will not run for office." So soon as the ticket of a party is "swung out," immediately the character of every candidate is maligned by those of the opposite party. Falsehood, misrepresentation, abuse and calumny are a few of the means resorted to in order that the election of a candidate may be prevented. We have already dwelt too long on this head of our discussion, and will proceed to that which much more interests us individually, viz. the influence of party spirit on the political student intellectually.

In the first place it withdraws his mind from study. The mind becomes so absorbed with his favorite political plans, so eager for their accomplishment, that he can do or think of nothing else. Books are closed, studies and often recitations disregarded, and the time wholly given up to canvassing and electioneering.

Again, it deters students from seeking by earnest intellectual application to merit honor, and leads them to use the lowest means for obtaining popularity and the suffrage of their fellow students. Disregarding study, he spends his time in slavish services, sickening flattery and hypocritical politeness to obtain popularity and the vote of the party. Lastly, it demoralizes and debases the mental powers. Neglect of study, waste of time, and, above all, seeking for intellectual honor, not by intellectual worth, but by low and sinful means, cannot but degrade the intellect and give one a distaste for the acquisition of knowledge. We can point to many a student once faithful to

his duties, but who, gradually enticed into the maelstrom of politics, lost all his former eagerness in mental culture. We can name instances in which a single campaign has resulted in the fall of an individual from among the first ten in his class to the twenties, thirties, and even forties, which position was never but in one case retrieved.

We come now to the last and most important head of our discourse, the *moral effect* of party spirit. In this aspect, more than in any other, it merits the serious attention of every moral student. In the first place it begets a selfish spirit. It leads one to sacrifice general well being for the accomplishment of his own personal ends. It consults the good of the College only in so far as its best interests tend to one's own advantage. This principle carried out is the superlative of selfishness, and has been sufficiently discussed in a former part of the essay.

Again, it begets ill feeling, malignity, hatred and malice. Enough has also been said on this point; and, as the tendency is so apparent and so fully established by experience, we will not delay longer upon it.

It begets an unscrupulous spirit. Nothing has shocked us more than the readiness with which politicians will resort to falsehood. So wide-spread and common had this sin become, that it was indulged in by men who would scorn the appellation of unprincipled, and indeed it became to be considered a necessary quality in a good politician.

Again, it destroys the character of the politician and his influence *for good* in College. He who obtained a high rank and name as a politician in such a system, is naturally looked upon as unprincipled. 'Tis true he draws for a time a long train of followers, who are loud and boisterous in acclamations of praise; 'tis true that so long as his actions promote the supremacy of the party he is courted, his company and favor sought, his character and qualities praised and flattered; but, if we could look into the heart, and with the omniscient eye

of God read the motives and feelings which prompt such actions, they could all be expressed by the simple word selfishness. He is made a machine by those who are his willing slaves. There is no true respect, no honorable deference paid him, and so soon as his political career is over he is despised, suspected and defamed by those who but a little while before were but too ready to obey his nod and make obeisance to his worth. Lastly, devotedness to politics, as they formerly existed in College, is especially pernicious to Christian character. We venture to say that no Christian can engage in them and come out untarnished. They are destructive to a spirit of true piety and devotedness to the cause of Christ. The Christian enters the political arena. Gradually, but surely, he treads a downward course. Soon he finds a distaste for devotions, he loses his interest in religious things, absents himself from the prayer meetings and services of the sanctuary, grows lax in his studies, becomes cold in his love for Christ and his cause, and finally insensible to all religious feeling and steeled to the convictions of conscience, he equals any one in vice. This may be strong language, but we know whereof we affirm. We have watched with pain these results in others, and write our own sad experience in some of its pernicious influences. How often have we heard such a remark as this by those Christians who have graduated, and who can look back upon their political course in College with unbiased minds: "If you value your Christian character or piety of heart keep out of politics." And how often do we hear from students for the ministry, in answer to the question why they do not enter Princeton Seminary—"To tell the truth I would, if it were not for my political antecedents."

Such are the results of party spirit, in its influence on the College and the character of the student, mental and moral. We have just cause for thankfulness that we are now free from its baneful atmosphere. None of these arguments are intended

to apply to the present system, which we consider eminently a judicious one. Let those who are now in the under classes, and who will soon guide the political affairs in College, carefully guard the present plan as the palladium of Nassau's best interests, and the unity and character of the students. There is no need of party spirit. As one has truly said, "We look at the students of a college not as men out in the world, who in their political campaigns are fighting for fundamental principles, but as grown up boys—a mixture of boyhood and manhood—with no such principles for which to contend, simply choosing from among their equals, those whom they prefer, from motives as opposite as they are various, whether from supposed merit, friendship, association, or a thousand other trifling, determining circumstances." May the present system ever continue, and may the character of Nassau Hall never again be stained by the political curse which has in times past rested upon it.

A VISION.

The sun had just descended in the west,
His lingering rays still tipped the mountain's crest;
With warm emotions filled, my soul upturned
To God—for Heavenly thoughts within me burned.

Out from my cottage door I bent my way,
To follow fancy and unseen to stray
Where'er my inclination should suggest,
To nurse the passion in my bosom best.

I wandered near a clear and limpid rill,
Which hastened on to turn the village mill,
And there sat down to contemplate the scene,
When o'er my eyelids Somnus cast his screen.

Behold the curtain which excludes our sight
From sacred things, and changes into night
Our every thought of Him who dwells on high
In light enthroned, was lifted from the sky.

And far beyond the span of human mind,
In glory most effulgent sat enshrined
The great I AM. My nerves did in me start,
When, self-condemned, I looked within my heart.

As lightning's flash, across my vision flew
My every sin, begrimmed with blacker hue
Than that which once was haughty Egypt's doom,
Or yet of Orcus' vale the dismal gloom.

Alas! that e'er I should have seen the light,
And be debarred, by His most sovereign might,
From such beatitude, to be enjoyed
By those alone, of spot and blemish void.

As thus of guilt the spectre did remord
My inmost soul, my face I turned toward
Th' Empyrean Throne, whereon the Holy Three
Sway sceptre in mysterious unity.

I there beheld, in robes of purest white,
Made brighter still by beams of heavenly light,
Departed souls of Adam's sinful race,
Redeemed from guilt and sin through sovereign grace.

Hark! how each ray of love divine inspires
Their joyful Hallelujahs, tunes their lyres;
What heavenly raptures fill each glowing breast!
How zealous to fulfil their Lord's behest!

But quick as meteoric flash descends
Through welkin's airy space, with which it blends,
So did the veil its wonted place resume,
And wrapped my vision up in folds of gloom.

Editor's Table.

Doubtless, Dear Readers, on receiving this No. of the Mag., you will turn to its final pages, expecting there to find some sweet relish for the mind, some soul-stirring, thrilling thought—but alas! what disappointment! While in this strain, the question naturally arises, why every one always confidently turns to the Editor's Table, expecting to find the essence of all that's good in the human mind. The Editor is nothing more than human; nor does the fact of his being Editor raise him above the ordinary level of humanity, or gift him with all the various lofty modes of thought: yet he is expected to speak to all a word in season, and suit the varied minds of his readers. He is expected to speak of the "Editor's Easy Chair" and his dirty gown and slippers, with as much force and beauty, as an ancient poet would describe the throne of Jupiter and his royal robes. In fine, he must add to the power and eloquence of an orator the beauty and imagery of a poet, and combine in one the elements of wit, wisdom, and originality. The only (and to us at this time most forcible) reason we can give for this strange reality, is that it was intended that the care and anxiety of meeting such great expectations should be a curbing and warning to all those, who unworthily aspire to responsible positions. But enough of introduction and now for the news (?)

Not many weeks since the old College machine commenced its usual weekly rounds, and we are all again undergoing the process of polishing and preparation for the various positions of life. The class of '62 has entered upon its last term of College life, and is fast approaching its last round: and as we come so near that important era in our life's history, viz., that of passing from the arena of preparation to that of usefulness and activity, our minds naturally run upon the past and future, and to both do we look with feelings of mingled joy and sorrow. We look with joy upon the past for its many happy hours and pleasant associations, for the many congenial spirits we have met, the friendships

formed and the benefits derived; we look with sorrow for the many misspent hours and unimproved opportunities. We look with joy upon the future, because our youthful hearts are so full of hopes, which we expect soon to realize; with sorrow, because we are so soon to part with those we love, and begin alone to fight the battles of the world. We are sorry here to say that the once cheering hopes of many are almost blighted. A distracted land and civil war has thoroughly upset and destroyed their plans and prospects. In fact we all now begin to feel its direful results. We are not *now*, as represented in the October No., boldly discussing the important questions of the day, nor do we any longer take pleasure in war-speeches and sermons, but all are anxiously and silently waiting the issue of the hour. Many are beginning to know with sorrow, that the "body politic" of our once prosperous land is, and long has been, but a mass of corruption. Every day reveals some one as perjurer or traitor to his trust. To cure a malady we must first remove its cause;—let us then hope that the good of this war will be to purge our Government of its vileness and pollution: then, if Providence shall see fit to unite us again, we shall be united by inward, holy, sympathizing principles of justice and equality, which can be the only true bonds of a united Government; then, and then only, can we boast of a peaceful and prosperous country.

We are glad here to notice the hopeful evidences of a work of Divine Grace in our midst. God's children are being revived and sinners awakened. A noon-day prayer-meeting has been established, which is daily thronged.

Washington's birth-day was very generally and enthusiastically observed by the students and citizens of Princeton. The largest church in the place was early filled by those, who earnestly desired in this time of trial to hear the parting words of wisdom and advice from the Father of their Country. A prayer was offered by the Rev. Dr. Hodge, which was remarkable not only for its length, but for its power and earnestness.

We noticed, during vacation, an article in the *Newark Daily*

Advertiser, relating to Princeton College, which stated that Prof. Henry would lecture to the present Senior Class. We were rejoiced to see the statement; much more would we be rejoiced to know it positively to be so. We fully believe that no class heretofore has better appreciated a visit from Prof. Henry than would the promising class of '62. Our hopes are raised, and may we not be disappointed.

The following gentlemen were elected Junior Orators for the approaching commencement:

CLIO HALL.—Rensselaer W. Dayton, N. J.; James S. Dennis, N. J.; Samuel Augustus Hayt, Jr., N. Y.; Huntington W. Jackson, N. J.

WHIG HALL.—Daniel R. Foster, N. Y.; Wm. Preston Smalley, N. J.; Abraham H. Strickler, Pa.; Sam'l Stryker, N. J.

We wish them all perfect success.

Another of our fellow-students has gone "to the wars," viz., Mr. Williams, of Indiana, who has accepted a Second Lieutenantcy in the Second Artillery of his native State, now encamped at Louisville. Mr. Edward Moffat, who left last session, was a member of the Burnside Expedition.

Here ends our news, unless it be that Princeton has been knee-deep in mud for the last three weeks, and all are now anxiously waiting for the days of dust.

And now, gentle reader, as we feel the weight of dignity and responsibility falling clumsily from our shoulders, we only ask that you will not view us too severely "with a critic's eye," but ever consider us as a friend and well-wisher.

THE EDITOR.